ON THE FARM.

WORK HORSES.

In his lectures at the University of Illinois, Instructor Morehouse of the horse department says no one should take a horse that has been running loose all winter and start him suddenly at hard, steady work. That is entirely against nature's way of going. It is much better to start in at some comparatively light work. This will put his whole system in better shape. When heavy field work, such as plowing, begins, rest the horses frequently. Raise the collars at every stop to let the air into the shoulders and, while doing this wipe the sweat from the shoulder.

When fitting a harness to a horse, pay particular attention to the fit of the collar. A well-fitting collar will rarely cause sore shoulder and will usually make a sweat pad useless. It is best to clean a horse in the evening, after he has come in from work. Currying and rubbing do much more good then then if put off until morning. Any farmer knows that a horse rolls as soon as he is turned out in the evening. He needs the rubbing down and cleaning after he comes in from work, not ten hours afterward.

FEEDING AND WATERING.

Every horse shold be fed a warm bran mash at least once a week all through the year. Take four quarts of bran and a little salt. Pour scalding water over this and feed warm.

When horses come in at noon, on hot days, they should be given only a little water. They should then be put in the stable and fed hay. In course of half an hour, say when the driver has had his dinner—the horses may be fed their grain. This will still allow the horse 20 or 30 minutes in which to eat his grain, before going to the field.

This plan of feeding prevents the horse getting too much water. It also keeps him from swallowing his grain too hastily. Coming in from the field very tired and hungry he will gulp down anything that will fill up. When in such a condition good hay is the best thing he can eat. After being fed in this way he will be in good condition for the afternoon's work.

COMPACT, SOLID HORSES BEST.

There can be no definite plan of feeding every horse. The amount of feed must be decided by the character of the individual. A short, solid, compact horse is usually a much better keeper than a soft, rangy, animal. It is the short, compact horse that does the most work in proportion to the amount of food. At the same time, such an animal must have a capacious stomach — big enough to digest all the food needed by a horse at hard work. For Illinois farms a ration of three parts oats, one part corn or four quarts oats to two or three ears of corn. Mixed clover and timothy hay is best. Brood mares, colts, and fattening horses should be fed on pure clover hay. The horse, of all animals, is the most easily hurt by dust and filthy food. Yet we commonly see a horse's manger half full full of dust and trash. Have the bottom of the manger made of slats to let this dirt fall out. I would prefer to feed hay on the floor rather than in a manger. When given the proper amount of hay in this manner the horse will waste but little. Such an arrangement is near the natural way of feeding. It also costs less to build such horse stalls. The grain box should be placed 2½ or 3 feet above the floor. A small salt box should be fastened in each stall, and salt kept in it all the time. When salt is supplied in this way a horse will eat just what his system requires.

Remember your horse has a body constructed very much like the human body and that he has a good deal of common sense. Treat him accordingly and you will be well repaid.—American Agriculturist.

DAIRY WISDOM.

Don't consider your cows clean if you only keep their udders clean.

The dirt dries in the hair and shakes off like dust in the pail while milking and makes the milk unfit for food.

It gives the milk that "cowy odor" that can never be gotten out.

Use a brush and sponge every day and don't leave a bit of dirt or stain on them.

They will repay you by giving you more milk every day.

You can not afford to keep poor cows, and give them poor care, and make poor butter.

If you are looking for the source of off flavor in milk and you know it does not come from stable surroundings, look at the milk cans.

A rusty can, even if apparently clean, will give milk a decidedly offtaste and smell.

Galvanized pails or cans are not proper to be used in connection with milk.

Look to the strainer and strainer cloths. Every thread is a hiding place for all sorts of bacteria, unless scalding water and soda are used every day.

Do not use soap for cleaning dairy utensils. Fat from very dubious sources is used in making soap, and soap will not dissolve the thin layer of half-dried casein that is very often found in cans and pails.

Washing soda or a little potash is cheaper and will do the cleansing much more satisfactorily.

DO NOT TRY IT.

Do not try to raise good crops from poor seed. No one ever has; no one ever will.

Nor to make a great butter record from poor cows. Get good cows and they will work out the problem for you.

Nor to lay it to the moon if you fail to get a good supply of garden stuff this year. Do your part and let the moon do her part.

Nor to do two days' work in one day. You may succeed, but you will lose more than you gain. Give every day its proper amount of the farm work and be satisfied with that.

Nor to expect your hands to be inspired to greater effort by scolding or finding fault. You would not wanted to be treated that way yourself; why, then, be so unkind to others?

Nor to think of having three dollar lambs to sell a few months hence, unless you feed the sheep well. Lambs grow through the food taken by the mother sheep. The starved sheep grows a poor lamb.

Nor to preach what you do not practice. If you talk good farming, do good farming.

Nor to live beyond your means. Thousands have tried that to their sorrow. There is more comfort living in the old house, if it is free from debt, than in a palace weighted with a heavy mortgage.

Nor to keep your boys and girls grinding all day long without a bit of time to play and be boys and girls. Give them a chance to love you and the old farm. You never will regret it.

SETTING OUT TREES.

Straight lines in an orchard will prove a lifelong satisfaction. An even start, careful measurements and the use of cross furrows will secure good alignment and also save work in setting. The furrowing and cross-furrowing will save much of the shovelling, particularly if the furrows are deepened with a subsoil plow. Make the holes large and fill about the tree with soft rich earth, but no manure close to the roots. Bruised roots should be trimmed and the tree branches cut back. In wet seasons, a well-rooted tree will sometimes thrive without cutting back, but such a method is on the average not desirable. Late set trees, especially, need severe cutting back. Trees in storage can often be bought very cheap as late as the last of May, and if well cut back they in most seasons live and make a small growth for the year.

THE TINDER BOX.

Necessary Utensil of Grandmother's Day.

Mention has been made of the decline of the manufacture of snuff-boxes, which in the early years of the last century was a prosperous industry. In this connection it is interesting to notice also the extinction of the tinder-box, which down to about the year 1830 was to be found in almost every home in the land. The decline of these industries was, of course, not the effect of the same cause, for while snuff-taking is dying out with no other habit to replace it (unless it be that of smoking), the tinder-box was a contrivance which in the process of evolution had to give place to better inventions. Miller Christy, writing in the Burlington Magazine, says the disappearance of the tindefbox was extraordinarily sudden and complete after the introduction of the friction match. Less than a generation later—almost, in fact, within a decade—the tinder-box had become little more than a vague tradition of the past, and examples were to be looked for only in the cabinet of the antiquary, the cases of the museum-curator, or the shop of the curio-dealer. To-day the tinder-box is so unfamiliar an object that few persons can give an intelligible description of it, or the manner of its use.

Among the contents of the tinder-box the tinder, from which the box derives its name, deserves first notice. Tinder was made usually from some light, loosely-woven cotton or linen fabric—preferably the latter. The lighter and thinner the fabric the better the tinder; for tinder made from any thick, closely-woven fabric did not take fire readily. Rag-tinder was always home-made, or no shopkeeper or hawker ever sold it. The making of it was one of the minor domestic accomplishments of our grandmothers. It was undertaken weekly, or as often as required; and the operation consumed a considerable quantity of household linen. Many of the old tinder-boxes purchased nowadays will be found still to contain portions of the original rag-tinder.

LONDON'S TRAFFIC.

Loss of Millions of Pounds Occasioned by Delays.

Sir John Wolfe Barry has made some interesting calculations of the loss caused by the delays from the congestion of traffic in the main thoroughfares of the great metropolis, running east to west. Having arranged for an enumeration to be taken, he found that in an hour the following number of vehicles and pedestrians passed a given spot—

	Vehcs.	Pedests.
Cheapside	902	6,358
Strand...	1,228	5,680
Piccadilly...	1,497	3,910
Tottenham Court-rd ...	661	5,586

It would be wearisome, he added, if he went into all the details of the examination which he had given to the subject, but it would appear that the traffic in these streets involved £1,631 per hour, and taking in Euston road and Queen Victoria street, and including the north and south traffic crossing the various routes named, he estimated the annual loss by delays to be—

Trade interests...	£ 900,000
Vehicular traffic...	1,189,900
Pedestrian traffic...	65,000
	£2,154,900

Another consideration is the many accidents caused by the crowding of vehicular traffic, involving the death of many persons in the course of the year, to say nothing of those receiving serious, but not fatal, injuries.

BUILDING OF RAIN WALLS

SUGGESTIONS FOR EMPLOYING THE UNEMPLOYED.

Gigantic Scheme to Build a Road Right Across the United States.

At a mass meeting of the unemployed held recently at Poplar Town Hall, England, a speaker suggested that the Government should build a road right round the coast of England. It would provide labor, he said, for fifty years. No doubt. But it is permissible to wonder whether the already overburdened British taxpaper would be able to foot the bill without breaking down altogether.

To acquire the land for such an undertaking would alone run into hundreds of millions of pounds. The grading, excavating, and tunnelling would cost hundreds of millions more. And, after all, of what practical use would it be when it was finished? Very little indeed, it is to be presumed, judging from other experiments of a like kind, says Pearson's Weekly.

For it must not be supposed that there is anything particularly novel in the suggestion, bizarre as it sounds. Indeed, a similar plan was actually carried into effect, at least partially, as regards Ireland. It was during the dark days of the great famine, and the road, to be paid for by public money, was originally intended to circle the Sister Isle. The only portion completed, however, was that from Lame to Cushendall in Antrim. It cost, mile for mile, more than any surface railway ever built. And its principal use to-day is to enable cyclists and motorists to travel by way of the coast — thereby enjoying the wild scenery of that beautiful region — to the far-famed Giant's Causeway.

A BROAD HIGHWAY.

straight across the American continent, from New York to San Francisco, has long been a dream with the labor unions of the United States. It would, they argue, act as a sort of safety-valve to industry. When ordinary work was slack, the workers would flock to the particular section in process of construction nearest their homes. When the pendulum swung the other way, and work was plentiful and wages high, its construction could be suspended without hurting anyone. It was not to be an ordinary road, however, but such a highway as should do credit to the nation and to its constructors.

"General" Coxey, who originated the scheme, thought that it should be at least a thousand feet wide, metalled throughout over a concrete bed, and flanked on either side by parapets of granite six feet high and three feet thick.

In vain did President Cleveland, who went carefully into the matter, point out to the Coxeyites, that the construction of such a road would "cost eight hundred billion dollars and bankrupt Christendom"

Their leader, if a mistaken man, was at all events a determined one, and when his cherished idea was contemptuodsly rejected he actually induced fifty thousand persons to undertake a seven hundred mile march to Washington, with blankets on their backs, with a view to terrorize Congress into initiating this extraordinary experiment.

The Hon. Rollo Russell's panacea, the building of rain walls, does not sound so very startling. Nor is the scheme in any sense Utopian or impracticable. It consists in marshalling the out-of-works into brigades, and employing them in different selected parts of the country in constructing enormously high walls of solid masonry. These walls, by arresting the clouds and so modifying the rainfall would, he maintains, render fit for cultivation millions of acres now lying waste, and would thereby eventually repay the cost of their construction ten times over.

THE PARISIAN SCHEME

for solving the unemployed problem is principally remembered for the awful consequence that followed its repeal. Briefly the plan resolved itself into a species of State Socialism. National workshops were established in Paris, wherein any man could claim work, not as a favor, but as a matter of right. Moreover, the remuneration each received was calculated according to his supposed necessities, and had no relation whatever to the market value of the product of his labor. Thus a bachelor received two francs a day, an unencumbered married man two and a half, a man with a small family three francs, and so on in proportion.

Naturally a system so economically rotten could not stand the test of time. The idle, the vicious, and the incompetent flocked into the capital from every department in France; and after a short time the Government closed the workshops. Instantly, all over Paris, the mob sprang to arms. In three hours no fewer than three hundred barricades were thrown up. Fighting commenced in every quarter of the city at dusk, and continued during three days and nights. In the end the Government triumphed, but at frightful cost. Thirty million francs' ($6 000,000) worth of property was destroyed. The bodies of sixteen thousand persons littered the blood-soaked and

FIRE-BLASTED STREETS.

Very different were the results attendant upon Count Rumford's famous experiment, which aimed at abolishing poverty in Bavaria. He first of all built in Munich a number of large and airy "Houses of Industry." These he caused to be fitted with all kinds of tools, machinery, and materials for manufacturing articles of various kinds. Each house also had a dining room and a spacious kitchen. Then, when all was ready, regiments of cavalry were so disposed as to furnish every town with a detachment, with patrols on every highway, and squads in every village.

This show of force was to compel into activity the idlers and the wastrels. At the same time the officers commanding made it known everywhere to the genuine respectable unemployed that there was work awaiting them in the capital. The scheme worked well from the beginning. Teachers of handicrafts were provided by the Government. Everyone was paid the full value of their labor, but not a penny more. So was the taint of charity avoided. Ever the children had to labor for their pennies, as the adults for their pounds.

CANADA'S DIAMOND FIELD.

Near Hudson Bay Are Mines as Rich as Those of Africa.

Somewhere in the Far North, south of Hudson Bay, lie undiscovered diamond fields as rich as those of South Africa. At least, this is the assertion of Professor W. H. Hobbs in an article written for the Popular Science Monthly.

In proof of his remarkable statement, Professor Hobbs has prepared a map, which shows, within a few hundred miles, where the great diamond belt may be found.

The reason of this investigation was the discovery of the following seven diamonds in Wisconsin and adjoining Dtates :

Eagle stone..... ....16 carats	
Oregon diamond..... .... 4 carats	
Kohlsville diamond... ... .21 carats	
Saukville diamond... ... . 6 carats	
Burlington diamond... ... ... 2 carats	
"Dowagiac stone"... ... .11 carats	
Milford diamond... ... . 6 carats	

These diamonds were picked up by farmers, who were ignorant of their worth, and kept as curios for years before their true value was discovered.

The Saukville diamond was kept on the clock-shelf of a farmhouse for sixteen years before it was recognized as anything but a curious bit of bright quartz.

The "Eagle stone" was kept for seven years, and then sold to a Milwaukee jeweler for a dollar, neither buyer nor seller having

ANY IDEA OF ITS WORTH.

Perhaps the strangest fact about these discoveries, that attracted the attention of Professor Hobbs, was that the soil in which these seven diamonds were found was not in any case the kind from which diamonds could be produced. In spite of all the digging and delving that followed every discovery, no second stone was ever found.

Professor Hobbs soon discovered that all these diamonds, besides a number of small ones, had been found along the ridges of land formed millions of years ago by the great glaciers that had moved down from the north. He at once concluded that the precious gems had been carried to the places where they were found by those moving icefields, that are known to have existed long before there was any life on this planet. When, at last the glaciers stopped and melted, the diamonds which they had carried on their backs were dropped upon the ground, to be discovered ages afterward by Wisconsin farmers.

The important question, therefore, to be answered is : At what place did the glaciers pick up the diamonds ?

Professor Hobbs replies by tracing seven lines northwards from the places where the stones were found, showing that they come almost to a point just south of Hudson Bay.

"The ancestral home of these diamonds," says Professor Hobbs, "must be in the wilderness of Canada, between the points where the several points converge upon one another. It is by no means improbable that, when the barren territory about Hudson Bay is thoroughly explored, a region for profitable diamond mining may be revealed."

PAPER AND TALLOW BULLETS.

It is generally supposed that nothing save a metal bullet could commend itsel for the purpose of man-killing in war. That such a missile is more powerful for long-range shooting may be true enough, but for destructive purposes at a short distance a bullet of paper or tallow has greater effect. During some recent experiments in this direction it was proved beyond doubt that, whereas a metal bullet penetrated a deal plank an inch in thickness and left a neat hole, a paste-board bullet had a far greater destructive effect upon the target. A paper bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed at a distance of a foot apart buckled them up so as to be of no further use, whereas a metal bullet nearly left a small round hole and in no other way disfigured the tin.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshipped, and are, in fact, still venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple, the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey, while the elephant's and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost it and had to pay $3,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box enclosed in six other boxes in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

Lady — "You look ill." Shopgirl —"I have been, but am better now. The doctor said it was nervous prostration, from trying so hard to smile and look pleasant when I did not feel like it." Lady — "I can sympathize with you. I know all about it." Shopgirl — "Have you ever worked in a shop?" Lady — "Worse. I've moved in society."

Minnie — "How can you say that 'marriage is a failure,' when you have Ethel and me, papa?" Papa— "Ah, you see, the trouble is that I don't know yet whether you two ought to figure among the assets or the liabilities."

MORE DRINK ABSINTHE.

Increasing Use of the Green Terror in America.

Absinthe, "the green terror of France," is now being produced in considerable quantities in the United States, and is being used to an alarming extent. In some sections of Wisconsin the worm-wood is being cultivated, and it is from this plant that oil is distilled for making absinthe. It is necessary to give the cultivation of wormwood great care, and a certain age or growth must be reached before it is suited for distilling the oil, an oil which is worth its weight in gold. Climatic changes have resulted in making certain sections of Wisconsin favored spots for the growing of wormwood, and now there are several wormwood farms in that State. There is a secret in its cultivation which is carefully guarded by the pioneers, and hence many growers are unsuccessful in raising a plant which will produce the oil. The plan of sowing the seed broadcast has been abandoned, and now the successful growers plant in drills or rows, cultivating as they would corn or tobacco. It is just before the plant has reached maturity that it is cut down and sent to the distillery, where the oil is taken from the green plant. The oil is extracted by means of heat, the exact process of which I am not familiar with.

The Wisconsin growers of wormwood and distillers of the oil at first shipped nearly all their output to Europe, but now they find a good market for it in the States, and at almost fabulous peices. Of course, the drug houses of America find a ready home market. The oil is employed in many ways, but its chief uses are in the making of absinthe and liniments. The penetrating power of the oil is something wonderful. When applied to the surface it works its way right to the bone, and this makes it exceedingly valuable in

COMPOUNDING LINIMENTS.

A person under the influence of the drug experiences the most pleasant dreams and imaginings, but like all excesses it kills the gentle emotions, freezes kindness, rouses in man the spirit of the beast, and accomplishes more vile deeds than are dreamed of. A large drink of absinthe will produce insensibility, convulsions, dilated pupils, sluggish pulse, and other serious effects—the after effect often including trembling hands, arms and legs, intense thirst, tingling in the ears, illusions of sight and hearing, and other horrifying results.

So strong a hold has the use of absinthe gained in France that the Government has made repeated efforts to suppress its sale. Its use in America is increasing every day. The rank poison is kept by every saloonist in every city and town. A few drops in a glass of whiskey will make the average drinker think and feel that he owns half the earth and that another drink of the same kind will give him the remainder. "Just a dash of absinthe" is what many present day drinkers say to the bartender, when they order a drink. Two or three drinks with "just a dash of absinthe" will cause the drinkers to get in that condition where he owns it all, knows everything, wants to hug everybody, and is the biggest fool in seventeen States. When the stuff begins to die out he is on the verge of a good case of "monkeys." There is no drinking schedule so sure of producing jimjams in short order as "just a dash of absinthe."

While the Wisconsin manufacturers of the oil which produces absinthe are getting a good quality, France will continue to make the best grade, because the secrets of its manufacture have been known to them for ages. This secret has never found its way into the laboratories this side of the Atlantic.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

The town of Ham, in France, possesses an old lady of seventy, who has just learned to read and write. Ashamed at her advanced age of her complete ignorance, she went to the village schoolmaster and asked him to teach her. A few weeks enabled her to master the drudgery, and she can now read the newspapers and write an ordinary letter.

GOLD AND SILVER BEETLES.

The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a lustre as of gold itself. To sight and tough they have all the appearance of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region looks like solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from $25 to $50 each.

TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITING.

The British Post Office Telegraphic Department have been experimenting for some time between Glasgow and London with a typewriter, an electrical instrument which, attached to the receiving end of the wire, delivers messages transmitted by the Wheatstone system at a rate of upwards of 160 words per minute, typewritten in ordinary fashion on folio sheets. The experiments are said to have been attended by complete success.

TWO GOOD ONES.

She — "What reason can men have for drinking?"

He — "Why, when they feel good, to celebrate; and when they're down, to forget it."

Employer (turning over leaves of ledger, to clerk) — "John, you are very careless; see how this writing is blotted." John (nervously) — "That — that was a fly, sir; it walked across the page, and——" Employer (turning over to another page) — "But what is this spot — surely a fly couldn't do that?" John —"That is the fly, sir; I killed it!"

PIERPONT MORGAN'S HEIR

HE LIVES IN REGAL STYLE IN LONDON.

Avoids Display, and Spends Most of His Leisure Time With His Family.

Evidently Jack Morgan, heir apparent to the financial throne of J. Pierport Morgan, is going to cut more of a figure in London society hereafter, says a recent letter. He has taken the stately house No. 12 Grosvenor square, in which Bulwer Lytton spent his last years, and is going to desert Park Lane, although his costly house at the corner of South street and Park Lane is still on his hands.

The flitting is significant of a distinction that is beginning to be made between Park Lane—the Fifth avenue of London—and Grosvenor square. One can judge of the status of the latter locality from the fact that the steamer which carried so many duchesses, countesses and other portions of the very cream of London society to Delhi as the guests of Lord Curzon for the durbar, was nicknamed, "The Grosvenor Square." You have to have ancestors and solid social standing if you are to be a part of Grosvenor Square. On the other hand, Park Lane began to decline from about the time poor Barney Barnato son of a peddler of old clothes, moved into the most imposing mansion on the street. Now this gilded thoroughfare has come to be associated with the nouveau riche as typified by the South African millionaire and the gentleman with

A FOREIGN ACCERT

who has prospered exceedingly in the "city." It is true that noblemen like His Grace the Duke of Westminster still abide in Park Lane—but they are not nearly so thick as they used to be, while the "other sort" are increasing at such a rate that Charles T. Yerkes is said to have refused an offer of a house there on the ground that the street contained "too many new-made millionaires."

The exodus of Jack Morgan from a neighborhood which is losing a little of its tone—a matter that could not be expected to make the slightest difference to a mere sober man of business—to the most elite square in London, where he is to have the Duke of Portland and Sir Ernest Cassell, King Edward's intimate friend, as neighbors, looks significant.

A married man—with an American wife, of course—and the proud father of two boys and two girls, the heir to the Morgan throne has enjoyed best spending a good share of his leisure time with his family. And he has avoided display. No big dinners have been given by him—his entertaining consisting of having a few intimate friends in occasionally in quite an informal way. And he and Mrs. Morgan have gone out correspondingly little. Jack Morgan is, however, fond of sport in the open air. Every morning early, during the season, he is to be seen riding in Hyde Park. He golfs, too, and is much attached to yachting. He is a voracious reader—being fondest of history and the

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

Like his father, he is a connoisseur of pictures and already has made the beginning of a private gallery which should be notable some day.

There are those who insist that Jack Morgan works even harder than his father does—or did. He is at his desk in Morgan & Co.'s unimposing set of offices in old Broad street every morning at 9.30 o'clock, and works with hardly a pause until luncheon, which he takes at the City Club, next door. Then he is back at his desk again, and not away from it until five o'clock. Those who do business with him say that he has his father's faculty for getting through a lot of work in a comparatively short time—also the old man's brief, terse, but not disagreeable way of finding out exactly what a caller wants, or what he has to supply.

In appearance the younger Morgan also is like his sire—being mighty in frame—six feet two inches in height with a chest which is, and a girth which promises to be, ample. His eyes are small and full of shrewdness, but the rest of his features are large. Both in business and out of it his reputation is that of a hearty, whole-souled specimen of man. It is rather doubtful, however, if J. Pierpont Morgan, jr., could, even if he wanted to, turn himself into what is known as a society man. Of course, his prestige as his father's son, to say nothing of his own hearty personality and his vast wealth, will open almost any door to him, but the unobtrusiveness and privacy of the life which the heir to the house of Morgan has elected to live since he came to London, several years ago, have been too complete not to have made the social game almost impossible for him.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

Teacher — "Tommy Brown, tell me the shape of the earth."

Tommy — "Round."

Teacher — "How do you know?"

Tommy Brown — "You told me."

Teacher — "Well, how do you suppose I know?"

Tommy Brown — "Oh! I s'pose somebody told you."

"Gladys," he sighed, as he leaned toward the frivolous young thing. "Gladys, there is something within me that tells me that you love me; something that thrills through and through me, bearing the message ——" "Henry," interrupted the maiden fair, "you have evidently cross-circuited a wireless message that I have nothing to do with."

Of 90,000 European emigrants to Argentina last year, 58,000 were Italians.